

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1813.

[NO. 27.]

FITZALBERT AND OLIVIA.

"The happiness of life depends on our discretion, and a prudent choice.

Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise;
Some plan in their own conduct lies beneath."

Young.

FITZALBERT was young, rich, handsome, and accomplished; possessed of a fine understanding, superior literary attainments, and a worthy heart. Chancing to accompany a party of gay companions to the York races, soon after he became master of himself, and a clear, unincumbered estate of seven thousand pounds per annum, he was introduced to the beautiful Oliva Delamere, danced with her at the assemblies, escorted her to the race-ground, was charmed with her beauty, captivated by the sprightliness of her manners, flattered by the preference she displayed for him over a numerous train of admirers; and, in a word, attending only to the voice of love, and the suggestions of that vanity, of which even the wisest of mankind have a share, he offered her his hand, was accepted without hesitation, and, ere the second month of their acquaintance was ended, he led her to the altar, and became, as he fancied, the most fortunate of mortals; so happy and intoxicated by passion, that he imagined there was not a possibility of adding to his felicity, nor for a moment recollected, that time would serve to moderate his transports, and produce a more rational sensibility of joy.

Olivia was the youngest child of the Honourable Mr. Delamere, who had bestowed a shewy, fashionable education on his daughters, with the view of marrying them, as they were all accounted handsome, to men of rank and opulence.

He had succeeded according to his wishes, in regard to the two eldest; of whom one had married a dashing young nobleman of fashionable notoriety, with whom she was splendidly miserable; and the other had espoused a wealthy baronet, with whom she had the weight of sixty years, a constitution ruined by dissipation, and a peevish temper, to counterbalance the satisfaction of being called "My Lady," and presiding in a superb mansion, the Goddess of Idolatry to a train of needy sycophants, who frequented her husband's table, and shared the luxuries his vanity impelled him to bestow on them.

As the beauty of Olivia was acknowledged to be superior to that of either of her sisters, the highest expectations were formed for her establishment in the world; and she was introduced into public at the age of seventeen, with an éclat that astonished all the sober part of her parent's acquaintance, and created no small share of envy in the breasts of several neighbouring damsels, whose pretensions to splendour were, as they imagined, yet greater than her's, while they felt they were but as lesser planets in the horizon, illuminated by this brilliant star of beauty and passion, whose

accomplishments likewise were extolled, magnified, and displayed to the greatest advantage; though, in fact, they were, generally speaking, merely superficial, shewy acquirements, calculated to impose upon the ignorant, and by no means such as the rational, or really well-informed of her acquaintance could discover to be extraordinary.

As had been predicted, Olivia was the object of universal admiration at all places of public entertainment; and in the private, fashionable circles where she appeared, her beauty and vivacity drew crowds of admirers around her; and though she was neither very witty, nor blessed with a very superior understanding, her *bon-mots* were repeated, and her cleverness extolled, by those who really gave her credit for the possession of both wit and talents: and those who taking it for granted that what every body said must certainly be true, gave themselves no farther trouble to enquire into the matter; and, in truth, cared not a straw whether she was all they heard, or otherwise.

Confident of her attractions, vain of her accomplishments, and flattered by the admiration both appeared to excite, she soon learnt to speak, to look and act, like a person privileged to do as they pleased, and careless of giving offence, which she never intended; as indifferent to the opinions of others, she seemed to consider the world at her disposal, and her power boundless as the vanity that filled her bosom, and the indiscretion that accompanied many of her actions.

But notwithstanding her beauty, her wit, vivacity, and accomplishments, Olivia had gone the round of fashionable existence during the long space of three years, ere a suitor of rank or fortune worthy of such a prize, appeared to carry her off; when, at the commencement of a fourth season of trial, Fitzalbert was introduced, and, after a short acquaintance, made her his bride.

Six months passed over in an unceasing round of gaiety and amusement. Olivia was in a whirl of enchantment; and her husband, gratified by seeing her admired and followed, fancied himself the happiest of mankind. But human happiness is never permanent; and often "disappointment treads upon the heels of exultation."

The season of London gaiety was over, and the fashionable world was dispersing to the country. Olivia had formed a plan of visiting Brighton, Weymouth, and half a score of watering places, in the course of the summer; but, for the first time since their marriage, Fitzalbert put a negative upon her wishes, and it was decided they should pass some months at a charming seat he owned in one of the finest counties of England, where he hoped to enjoy a larger portion of her society than it had been possible to do in the midst of London gaieties; and where he longed to resume those avocations and amusements which had formerly contributed to his satisfaction, and stored his mind with a considerable portion of rational and valuable knowledge.

The country, however, was not the sphere in which the gay, unthinking Oliva desired to move; nor was the limited circle of acquaintance a genteel and highly respectable neighbourhood afforded, suited to her taste. Pleasure and vanity held a powerful empire over her mind; and a thirst for admiration surmounted every other feeling in her bosom.

Unable to obtain the homage she desired, and equally so to procure at a distance from the capital that variety of amusement which was, in fact, essential to her happiness, she grew languid, restless, and dissatisfied. Fitzalbert's conversation had no longer any power of pleasing, for it had lost its novelty; his fond attentions were fatiguing, for the raptures of the lover were exchanged for the more solid affection of a tender husband: and though she could not but own he was handsome, elegant, kind, generous, and agreeable, she viewed him as a restraint upon her pleasures, and an obstacle to her felicity; that felicity which she so unwisely rested on the adulation of fools and coxcombs; those pleasures which resulted from a succession of fashionable amusements; and the certainty of moving as one of the most conspicuous figures in the circles of tonish frivolity.

Affection cannot long remain insensible to any alteration in the carriage and behaviour of the object beloved. Fitzalbert perceived the change in Olivia, and tenderly enquired into its cause. Ashamed of her conduct, she at first sought to evade his enquiries; but finding he became seriously uneasy at her reserve and increasing dissatisfaction with every thing around her, she began to open her eyes to her power over him, and determined to exert it to what she conceived to be her own advantage and gratification. In short, she so successfully performed her part, that he consented to a trip to Weymouth, then an excursion to Brighton, and finally indulged her in her wish to pass a few weeks at Bath, previous to their return to London for the remainder of that portion of time which the fashionable world have latterly denominated winter. Having thus carried her point, and established, as she fancied, an unbounded power over her husband, Olivia no longer gave herself any trouble to maintain her influence, or merit the continuance of his indulgence. She would have shuddered, it must be acknowledged, at the idea of dishonouring him; but she was careless of his happiness, indifferent to his affection, and regardless of her own reputation; insomuch, that during her second winter in the metropolis, the world, always judging from appearances, and prone to severity, began to take liberties with her character; and Fitzalbert was alternately condemned, ridiculed, and pitied, for his indulgence of a woman who evidently pursued the road of folly, without betokening a single recollection, that a female to be respected must be circumspect in her conduct, delicate as well as virtuous; and requiring in her behaviour more than the justification of her own heart.

"The tenderest flower that withers at the breeze,
Or, if the am'rous sun but steal a kiss,
Droops its soft head, and dies,
Is not more frail than woman's reputation."

Battle of Hastings.

Wearied with expostulating on a matter she appeared determined to glory in, and irritated at her obstinacy, Fitzalbert began to experience several feelings of contempt for Olivia's understanding, while the pangs of jealousy were added to his uneasiness; and he resolved to put her affections to the test, by proposing a separation, to which, if she acceded readily, he fancied would afford sufficient proof his suspicions were not ill founded; or, if still attached to him, such a measure might be the means of withdrawing her from her follies, and laying the foundation of their future harmony and comfort.

But ere he had an opportunity of putting his design in execution, an incident occurred, which gave a turn to his affairs, and threw a sombrous shade of melancholy over several succeeding years of both their lives.

As already stated, Fitzalbert had indulged his beautiful wife in her wish to display her lovely person at several of the fashionable watering-places; and after passing a short while at Bath, had again carried her to London, and permitted her to run the round of folly during the season of gaiety and dissipation; from whence they again returned to the country, and purposed passing the summer at the charming seat of his ancestors with a party of tonish friends Olivia had, almost in defiance of her husband's commands, invited to enliven, as she said, "the dreary hours of her banishment from all that could render life supportable or desirable."

(To be continued.)

THE FORTUNATE WIFE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

(Continued.)

AS the old gentleman was of a truly generous disposition himself, he was above encouraging mercenary views in others. He knew that his daughter completely resembled him in this, as in all other meritorious points; and was therefore determined to make her no sacrifice to avarice or ambition.

He gave her therefore to understand, he had not the most distant intentions to bias her inclinations; that he left them free and unconstrained: he was thoroughly convinced of her prudence, and would make that alone her guide in this important business.

Instead of exerting that authority, of which parents are sometimes unreasonably, and often fatally jealous, he assured her, that far from dictating, he would receive more satisfaction in complying with her own wishes on this occasion; entertaining no doubt that she could not fail to do him, as well as herself, the highest credit by her determination.

Acasto then concluded by asking, whether among the young gentlemen she had opportunities of conversing with, any one had been so happy as to make an impression upon her.

Encouraged by his confidence and benignity, she hesitated not in confessing, that she felt a particular predilection for Edward, a young gentleman in whose praise she had often heard him express the greatest warmth. That so much commendation on his part, had powerfully contributed to render the young gentleman acceptable to her; and that she had even

sometimes thought, it was not altogether without some such intent, that he commended him so liberally and so frequently.

Her father was charmed upon hearing her make this ingenuous declaration. He acknowledged that of all the young gentlemen he knew, not one was equal to this in every requisite to make a woman happy.

Edward was, it seems, an officer of some rank in the corps of engineers. He was by birth a German, but had been educated in France, where he had lived since his childhood. His father, a man of good family, had long served in the French army, where he had been honourably promoted. Having many sons, the only provision he could make for them, was in the military line: they were all young men of respectable character; but the young lady's favourite was incomparably the most accomplished. His education had been excellently superintended: his father, who was a man of letters, had inculcated an early attachment to them into his son; as foreseeing that possibly he might not be able to leave him much other inheritance.

To the endowments of his mind, which were manifold, he added a manly and graceful person: his temper was obliging, his manners polite, and his humour always cheerful and gay. Thus accoutred by nature and by art, the young lady who revealed her partiality for him to her father, was not the only one of whom he had been so fortunate as to make a conquest.

After coinciding with his daughter's choice, he begged to know, whether the young gentleman had ever ventured to disclose himself to her. She answered, that he had indirectly exprest enough to satisfy her, that nothing but the want of a fortune adequate to her own, stood in the way of his wishes to be permitted to pay her his addresses.

The young gentleman's father had long been an intimate friend of her own; they were much of an age, and greatly resembled each other in disposition and manners. They had been brother officers in their youth; but the father of our young lady, on the death of a near relation, of whom he was heir at law, coming into the possession of an affluent fortune, retired from the service; but always continued a fast friend to his old companion, for whom he entertained the highest value.

As part of the estate which he inherited, lay in the proximity of Strasburg, his friend, who frequently came through that city, on visits to his relations who dwelt on the German side of the Rhine, as constantly visited him at his country seat; where he often spent many months, and always met with the most cordial and brotherly reception.

Such were the two gentlemen whose son and daughter were mutually enamoured of each other. To do these justice, it was true and genuine love divested of all other motives: could interested considerations have prevailed in each other's bosom, they both might have bettered themselves in the idea of the mercenary part of mankind.

The two fathers, having consulted together, were happy to find their desires so completely corresponded. They both had secretly wished for such an alliance; but they were both men of sentiment and delicacy. The one did not chuse to overrule his daughter in so tender a point; the other did not incline to disoblige an old friend, by influencing his son to woo the daughter without the father's consent.

(To be continued.)

SINGULARITIES.

THE ladies in Spain gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red; the blackest teeth are esteemed the most beautiful in Guzurat, and in some parts of America. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as she-goats, and to render them thus their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aqualine nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries the mothers break the noses of their children, and in others press the head between two boards that it may become square. The Indian beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat, and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover—not silks or wreaths of flowers, but the warm entrails of animals newly slain, to dress herself with enviable ornaments. In China small eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be small and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows; it is too visible by day, but looks shining by night; they finge their nails with a rose colour. An ornament for the nose seems to us perfectly unnecessary; the Peruvians, however, think otherwise, and they hang from it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is regulated according to the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations; through the perforation are hung various materials, such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single, and sometimes a great number of gold rings; this is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses, and the fact is, some have informed us that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair carries on her head the figure of a certain bird; this bird is composed of copper or of gold, according to the rank of the person; the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples; the tail long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers; the beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play and tremble at the slightest motion. The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above; they carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad, with this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck very straight, and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

BON MOTS BY MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

Long hopes wear out joy, as long maladies wear out grief.
I know no nothing more divine than the power of giving, and the will to give opportunely.

As the Planters in Georgia are about turning their attention to the cultivation of the Sugar Cane, which no doubt will answer well, we publish the following account of that article

From Penfiant's History of Indostan.

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

SUGAR was originally brought from India by the introduction of the plant *Saccharum Officinarum*. I shall here give some account of this useful article, and its various remoyals from its native place into Europe, where it was, for some ages, cultivated with great success. "Arabia," says Pliny, "produces *Saccharon*, but the best is in India. It is a honey collected from reeds, a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth, the largest pieces do not exceed the size of a hazel nut, and it is used only in medicine."

The cane was an article of commerce in very early times. The prophet Isaiah (xlv. 24.) and Jeremiah (vi. 20.) make mention of it. "Thou hast brought me no sweet cane with the money," says the first; and the second, "To what purpose cometh there to me the sweet cane from a far country?" Brought for the luxury of the juice, either extracted by suction, or by some other means. In the notes on the elegant poem the *Sugar Cane*, Doctor Grainger informs us, that at first the raw juice was made use of; they afterward boiled it into a syrup; and, in process of time, an inebriating spirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation.

Sugar was first made from the reed in Egypt, from thence the plant was carried into Sicily, which, in the twelfth century, supplied many parts of Europe with that commodity; and from thence, at a period unknown, it was, probably, brought into Spain by the Moors. From Spain the reed was planted in the Canary Isles, and in the Madeira by the Portuguese. This happened about the year 1506. In the same year Ferdinand, the Catholic, ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo. From those islands the art of making sugar was introduced into the islands of Hispaniola, and in about the year 1623 into the Brazils; the reed itself growing spontaneously in both those countries. Till that time sugar was a most expensive luxury, and used only, as Mr. Anderson observes, in feasts and physical necessities.

I shall here anticipate the account of the state of Sugar in Spain, where, in Europe, it first became stationary, borrowing it from the ninth volume of my outlines of the globe. It was, till late years, cultivated to great advantage in the kingdom of Granada, and great quantities of sugar made in the *ingenios* or mills. In the year 1723, in the city of Mesril, were eight hundred families. Their principal commerce was in sugars and syrups, made in four sugar works, from the plantations of canes, which reached from the south side down to the sea-side; but these and the other sugar-works are greatly decayed, by reason of the excessive duties. This, with the increased demand for sugar, on the prevailing use of chocolate in the kingdom, which requires double the quantity of that article, has occasioned a drain of a million of dollars out of the country, in payment for sugar, preserves and other confectionaries. This is very extraordinary, considering that Spain is possessed of some of the finest sugar islands, besides the power of manufacturing it within its home dominions.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Having last week given a summary of the most important accounts brought by the late arrivals from England to Boston, we have nothing more material now to offer from that quarter than a statement of the forces of the French and allied armies previous to the battle of Dresden. The French army, it appears, at that time occupied a line of posts and strong fortified places from Hamburg to the city of Dresden, a distance of at least 300 miles in length. These lines and fortified places, it seems is the business of the Allies to overcome, and great has been the slaughter on both sides, in the several contests that have taken place; in which it seems generally agreed that the Allies have been most successful. The next late arrival will bring us accounts of more dreadful fightings, probably at Dresden, the great pivot of the French army.

FRENCH.	
At Dresden,	200,000
In Silesia,	80,000
In Lusatia,	20,000
In Prussia,	70,000
About Hamburg,	60,000
Lower Elbe,	55,000
In Italy,	60,000
Bavarian army,	30,000
	570,000

ALLIES.	
The main Allied Army, commanded by the Emperors of Russia, Austria, and the king of Prussia, consisted at the date of their attack upon Dresden, of 200,000 men, viz.	
Austrians under Prince Schwartzburg,	90,000
Russians and Prussians who joined them at Prague,	80,000
Gen. Klenau's corps,	30,000
	200,000
Allied Army in Silesia,	100,000
Allied Army in Prussia,	120,000
Allied troops besieging or blockading Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, &c.	60,000
Reserve of Russians advancing under Gen. Bennigsen,	60,000
Grand total of the Allied Army,	540,000
Numerical superiority on the side of the French,	30,000 men.

We mentioned last week that the Castle of St. Sebastian was taken by storm by the allied army under Lord Wellington. Further particulars of this affair declare, that history does not contain any thing like the courage and firmness displayed in storming and taking this place; in which the British lost from 12 to 1400 men in killed and wounded. One regiment (the 4th) is said to have lost in one of the breaches 12 officers, 17 sergeants and 250 rank and file killed and wounded. The city was set fire to and entirely destroyed by the French before they surrendered.

The accounts also state, That on the day of the surrender of St. Sebastian, (the 31st of Aug.) Marshal Soult, with the whole of his army, made a general attack on the Allied Army, and was every where beaten, being obliged to retreat into France, with the loss of 6000 men. The allies are said to have lost in this engagement and before St. Sebastian, 5000 in killed and wounded.

The latest accounts from the Northern Army is about the 22d ult. at which time Gen. Hampton left the Three Corners, and it is said since, that he has descended the St. Lawrence, to the Carlow Rapids, and encamped 16 miles this side of Montreal, and 4 miles this side, on the south side of the river, from the British army encamped at La Chine.

It is said that the inhabitants of Montreal are moving their valuables down to Quebec.

The privateer brig Yankee, Jones, of Rhode-Island,

has returned to port, having taken 9 British vessels (chiefly square rigged) seven of which she manned out, and gave up two to the prisoners. They were taken between the Western Islands and the Grand Bank, out of a fleet bound to Quebec and Newfoundland, that had lost their convoy.

On Wednesday the schr. Sparrow, capt. Hall, from New-Orleans to this port, with a cargo of sugar, was chased ashore by the Plantagenet, about six miles to the southward of Sandy-Hook. This ship sent her barges to take her cargo and destroy the schooner, but they were beat off by a detachment of men sent in launches from the gun boats, and by a number of the neighbouring inhabitants.

On Wednesday General Morton's brigade of artillery paraded on the Battery for the purpose of firing at the hulk of a small vessel as a target, that was moored off the Battery, at the distance of one thousand yards. The firing continued about one hour and an half, in which about 90 shot were fired, 30 of which struck the vessel, carrying away her masts and boring the hull through in several places, so as to sink her.

The experiment did great honour to the brigade, and afforded to our citizens (thousands of whom were assembled to witness it) proof of the utility and efficacy of a well regulated militia corps — *Mer. Adv.*

Last Tuesday a Ferry Boat from White-Hall slip, bound to the Narrows with a number of passengers, upset by a sudden flaw of wind, by which five persons were drowned in the cabin, and six cut out almost suffocated after the boat was towed ashore on Long-Island. The others, about 20, were saved by getting on the boat's side, and hanging by her sails.

We wish to draw the attention of the country people to the present high price of almost every article of life usually brought to this market. Speculation and forestalling seem to be at their highest. The article of butter, in particular, now sells very current in this city at 2s. 6d. and 3s. per pound; and oak wood at the dock, cannot be bought under \$3 25 per load, three loads to the cord. A discovery has been made of a plan for engrossing and monopolizing all the butter from the country. It is said that upwards of 40,000 dollars from our banks, and 6 or 8000 from the banks of Newburg and Goshen have been drawn for this dishonourable purpose.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. John J. Manning, to Miss Eliza B. Squire, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. James Cooke, to Miss Eliza Humbert, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Richard E. Mount, to Miss Maria Branson, daughter of Captain W. Branson.

By the Rev. John Williams, of this city, Mr. Cole L'Hommedieu, to Miss Amy Taylor, both of Smith Town (L. I.)

Obituary.

DIED,

Mr. James Van Antwerp, aged 22 years, son of the late Mr. John Van Antwerp.

Mr. Wm. J. Roome.

Mr. Christopher Wolfe, aged 64 years.

Mr. Wm. Adamson, of the firm of Adamson & Osgood.

On Sunday morning, of a consumptive illness, which she bore with exemplary patience and fortitude, Mrs. Mary Stevenson, wife of Mr. James Stevenson, and daughter of the late Mr. James Ronalds of this city.

Mr. Springall Davis, youngest son of the late Henry Davis, esq. aged 22 years.

Mrs. Frances Hardcastle, aged 28 years, wife of Mr. John Hardcastle, printer.

In this city, Mr. Charles Yates, midshipman in the U. S. navy, about 20 years old, a native of Maryland (Charles County.)

Mrs. Mary Van Gorton, aged 68.

At Hartford, on his return from Boston, Henry Wells Livingston, Esq. of Utica, aged 35 years.

At Boston, the Hon. Theophilus Parsons, Esq. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, aged 63.

Seat of the Muses.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom burst the unbidden sigh,
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshining on her soul descend!

Ah! soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with
flowers;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!"

(From the Hudson Whig.)

ON THE MURDER OF MISS SALLY HAMILTON.

WHY bays not the watch dog, loud, heavy and shrill,
As your barge is fast moor'd, at the foot of the hill?
Why shines not the moon on those dark featu'd men,
To enliven their hearts, and enlighten the scene?
O! the clouds veil the moon and the watch-dog is still,
And the hearts of those ruffians no terror can chill.
The victim is near, no avenger is nigh,
To redeem thee from death, and thy anguish to dry.
See, they snatch thee away from thy home and thy
friends,
And they hear thy last groans, and the tragedy ends.
And whose is that heart, which could fearlessly dare,
All the horrors of guilt, and the pangs of despair?
Shall sleep, spread the downy-soft wing o'er his bed,
And give peace to his soul, and release him from
dread?

Ah no—see him start! for he hears in the air,
The harsh cry of murder, the groan of despair,
He listens and trembles, appall'd by the sound,
Then turns him aghast, from that blood streaming
wound.

For Sally's pale form ever stands by his bed,
And he sees her in dreams with her bosom stain'd red.
May the vengeance of heaven, arrest his bold hand,
And wipe the foul blot of disgrace from our land,
And in mercy revisit, the tear burden'd eye,
And the bosom, still heaving the heart rending sigh.

GABRIEL.

THE MOTHER.

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful Mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as the manly sire, the son shall be,
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall sooth this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay;
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And sooth my parted spirit ling'ring near?
Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Mute on the last sad words I leave behind,

Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my wo?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip had learn'd to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love;
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer;
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guiltless bosom, true to sympathy!

Morality.

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON THE INDULGENCE OF GRIEF.

And Grief destroys what time a while would spare.
Pope.

OF all human passions grief is the most destructive. Its effects are permanent, and, when it sinks deep into the mind, it generally proves fatal. Anger and fear being of a more violent nature, seldom last long, but grief often turns into a fixed melancholy, which preys upon the spirits and wastes the constitution—This passion ought not to be indulged. It may generally be conquered in the beginning; but when it has gained strength all attempts to remove it are vain. Although no person can prevent the calamities of life, still it evinces true greatness of mind to bear them with serenity. Many persons make a merit of indulging grief, and when misfortunes happen, obstinately refuse all consolation, till the mind overwhelmed with melancholy, sinks under the load. Such conduct is not only destructive to health, but inconsistent with reason, religion and common sense. These are, says Dr. South, what may be called the ceremonies of sorrow, the pomp and ostentation of effeminate grief, which speak not so much the greatness of the misery as the smallness of the mind.

To persevere in obstinate condolence, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd.

Shakspeare.

Change of ideas is as necessary for health as change of posture. When the mind dwells long upon one subject, especially one of a disagreeable nature, it hurts all the functions of the body. Hence the indulgence of grief spoils the digestion and destroys the appetite, by which means the spirits are depressed, the nerves relaxed, and the bowels inflamed: the humours also, for want of a fresh supply of chyle, become vitiated. Thus many an excellent constitution has been ruined, as it is utterly impossible that any person of a dejected mind should enjoy health. Life may indeed be dragged out for a few years, but whoever would live to a good old age must be good humoured and cheerful. This is altogether in our own power; as our temper of mind as well as our actions depend greatly upon ourselves: we can either associate with cheerful or melancholy company, mingle in the offices and amusements of life, or sit still, and brood over our calamities as we chuse. These and many such things are certainly in our power, and from these the mind generally takes its cast. The variety of scenes which present themselves to the senses were cer-

tainly designed to prevent our attention from being too long fixed on any single object. Nature abounds with variety, and the mind, unless fix'd by habit, delights in contemplating new objects. By this means a succession of new ideas may be kept up until what are disagreeable disappears. Thus travelling, occasional excursions into the country, the study of any art or science, reading and writing on such subjects as deeply engage the attention, will expel grief sooner than the most sprightly amusements. Innocent amusements however are by no means to be neglected: as they lead the mind insensibly to the contemplation of agreeable objects, and help to dispel the gloom which misfortunes shed over it. They make time seem less tedious, and have many other happy effects. But it is to be lamented, that some persons, when overwhelmed with grief, betake themselves to drinking. This is making the cure worse than the disease, and seldom fails to end in the ruin of fortune, character and constitution.

Anecdotes.

AN IRISH TRIAL.

An Irishman at an assize in Cork, was arraigned for felony, before judge Monteny. He was asked who he would be tried by? "By no one, by J—s," says he. The jailor desired him to say, by God and his country. "Upon my soul I will not, (says Paddy), for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?" says the judge. "See there now, (says the criminal); his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" "What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord; I won't be tried by God at all at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

ALSO,—BUT NOT LIKE WISE.

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer; I have told all I know to the counsel, said the quaker. *I am counsel also*, answered the barrister. Thou may'st be counsel also, replied the quaker, *but thou art not counsel like—wise.*

SPONSORS.

A country clergyman who wished to prepare the children of his parishioners for saying their catechism, asked a simple lad "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" "Truly," replied Tony, "I know not what they will do, but I am sure they have done little enough for me yet."

THE AIR.

A gentleman being asked his opinion of the singing of a lady who had not the purest breath, said that *the words* of the song were delightful, but he did not much admire *the air.*

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 70 John-street, corner of Gold-st. New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.